

# Ritual

OF THE

DRAMATIC ORDER

11



## Knights of Khorassan.

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JOHN B. POWELL,  
AUTHOR AND SUPREME PRINCE,  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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## OFFICERS.

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### 1. VENERABLE SHEIK.

Past Officer by succession—No. 15.

### 2. ROYAL VIZIER.

Presiding Officer—No. 14.

### 3. GRAND EMIR.

Second Executive—No. 13.

### 4. MAHEDI.

Ceremonial Master—No. 12.

### 5. SECRETARY.

Clerical—No. 16.

### 6. TREASURER.

Financial—No. 17.

### 7. MENIAL.

Innér Entrance—No. 11.

### 8. SAHIB.

Outer Entrance—No. 10.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### TYRO.

Candidate for Votaryship—No. 9.

### JOC.

Of Former Wealth and Standing; now a Tramp—No. 22.

### MOKANNA.

Chief of Brigands roaming Plains of Khorassan—No. 18.

### BRIGANDS.

Of the Band of Mokanna—No. 23.

### ESCORTS.

Guides to Tyro—Nos. 19 and 20

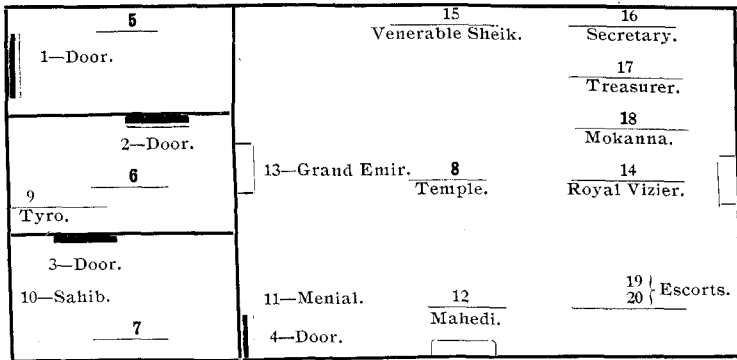
### VOTARIES.

Members of the Order—No. 21.

### AUXILLIARIES.

Musicians, Electricians, Etc.

## TEMPLE DIAGRAM.



## OPENING CEREMONIES.

At hour designated for meeting, 10 will close 1; 14 and 16 assume their respective stations. All other officers form line five feet from and facing 14, *in the following order: 15, 13, 12, 17, 19, 20, 11, 10*; 18 on right of line two paces advanced. Votaries form second line in rear of first, three paces back. 18 will pass down each line and receive from each one therein the TEMPLE SESAME and the SHIBBOLETH, and return and report to 14 those not in possession of these requisites. All so reported, must immediately proceed to 16, if financially disqualified, and qualify, or to 14, if otherwise lacking, or retire. Officers will break to their respective stations, commencing with 10, ending with 15, when Votaries take seats.

14 will proceed with following

### ORDER OF BUSINESS.

- 1.—Calling Roll and Reading Record.
- 2.—Admitting Votaries.
- 3.—Reading and Acting Upon Requests of Tyros.
- 4.—Considering and Transacting Business Matters.
- 5.—Dramatic Ceremony.
- 6.—ENTERTAINMENTS (see Slip A).
- 7.—Communicating TEMPLE SESAME.

### 8.—CLOSING.

Form line, right resting at 4, R. V. on left. All sing:

'Mid pleasures and palaces, wherever we roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,  
Like a charm of the world, it gathers us there,  
Be the dwellers so few, or the number so fair,  
Home, home, sweet home, there's no place like home." (Refrain.)

R. V. will say: Attention! Break Line, Retire. (*All retire.*)

# DRAMATIC ORDER

## KNIGHTS OF KHORASSAN.

### DRAMATIC CEREMONY.

*[This Ceremony MUST be performed ENTIRELY WITHOUT THE USE OF THE RITUAL, and no Votary must ENTER, or LEAVE, & DURING its continuance.]*

### ACT I.—SCENE I.

**Royal Vizier.** *[In 8. 4 wide open. 7 occupied only by 9, 10 and 11.]*

Votaries, this occasion promises much enjoyment :  
Each has a part to play in our chosen divertisement which, it  
Pleases me to say, offends not by that vulgar mixture  
Some men call entertaining.

Let our doors be closed, and no mouthing mar the  
Even flow of happy and delightful hours; and you, Mahedi,  
Carry out our Royal desires.

**Mahedi.** *[Goes to 4.]*

Menial, and you, Sahib, take note:—Our august Sovereign  
Has assumed his throne; the play is on, guard well the  
Gates, your lines speak well, act well your parts,  
And yourselves acquit as becomes your degree.

*[Returns to station partly closing 4.]*

**Sahib.** *[To 9 in 7 before 11.]*

Sir, the Principles of the Dramatic Order Knights of  
Khorassan are—

“ Race should have its proper sphere,  
Wealth, education, refinement,—all  
The emotions of the soul, fair dispensation,  
Within right and reason, to all people,  
At all times, and under all circumstances.”

And its Purposes are:

" To preserve, promulgate and exemplify,  
By such laws, rules, regulations, forms and  
Ceremonies, as their lines and authority may  
Now or hereafter provide."

Now I take thee as friendly to our Order, with no  
Incautious tongue, and this (*grasping hand of 9*) an honest  
Hand; and in all honor, truth and friendship pledge thee no  
Deception, harm or affront; but, should thy soul develop  
Cold deception, count not the moments of thy going  
But—[*releasing hands.* ]—go.

**Menial.**

Sahib, with whom holdest thou converse close touching  
Things most dear to us? To have and hold our fellowship,  
One must be a Knight of motive pure, strong of purpose, and  
Sincere in admiration for our Order and its principles.

**Sahib.**

Menial, the bonds that bind this man to us are dissoluble  
Only by the hand of Death, or when manhood surrenders all  
Its worth. Report him a Knight unsullied by such treachery,  
But most desirous to stronger bind those bonds by  
Greater honor and refinement.

**Menial.** [*Entering 8, 4 still ajar, reporting to 14.*]

Royal Vizier, the Sahib reports at his gate one who  
Seeks our fellowship, and the title of a Knight of Khorassan  
'Tis said his friendship is sincere, his caution careful,  
His bravery of a metal pure, and, therefore, he is worthy  
Of admission here.

**Royal Vizier.** [*In obvious, distinct but seemingly offended voice.*]

What spouting now? I'll hear no false report.  
Know you not "'Tis said" hath no credence here?  
I am surprised! If he of whom you speak has no treacherous

Or designing thought, let him his own petition here present,  
And you proceed your other duties to perform. I do direct  
Mahedi carry unto him this command : that, lest he, or we,  
Or ours, be chatter for some curious crowd, he shall give  
Oath within our Temple that will guard against such mishap.

[11 resumes station at 4, 12 retiring to 7, closing 4.]

ACT I.—SCENE 2.

[21 form solid pyramid, apex at station of 14. Place a pedestal light at each vertex; 15 three feet in front of center of base line, 16 on his right, 17 his left, each one foot to the rear, 14 forming apex, 13 at right corner, 11 at left. 16 and 17 carry torches. All sit in Arabic manner except 11, 13 and 14, who stand. Extinguish hall lights. Maintain absolute silence. When notified pyramid is formed, 10 hands candle to and———  
———. Open 4; 9 and 12 enter 8 and slowly approach 15, 19-20 taking position with infant X in rear of 9.]

**Mahedi.**

Sir, look through thy thoughts, measure what thou  
Hearest, forget the follies of the outer world, for 'tis  
Decreed thou covenant with us beneath our Temple's dome.  
Pledge thine honor and fidelity here, and present thy  
Petition (*reaching 15*) to this much respected sage.

[Removes———]

**Tyro.** [*Reads following from Form (00), never from the ritual.*]

I speak truly. I question,—nay, admire the  
Noble principles of this Order, and having clear report of the  
Dwellers in this Temple, crave, with honest heart and  
Keen desire, the gracious favors they bestow.

[*Hands Form to 15.*]



### Venerable Sheik.

This is a voucher commendable, and worthy of deposit  
Midst our treasured files. (*Hands Form to 16, then addresses 9.*)  
Rags once it was, then pulp, then paper, and now a  
Document of much evidence in thy cause.

Within these portals symbol and ceremony, oaths  
That bind, and pleasures that please, dissipate idle,  
Ignorant and biased thought. The plot of politicians finds no  
Espousing tongue. None mock the cloth or wear robes  
Of gauze; associations are guarded, fellowship broadened,  
Our Fraternal bond strengthened, and entrance barred to  
Monotonous hours.

And yet we realize that life is fast and furious—a race  
Which mortals run with death because they must, and not  
With any hope of winning it. The most they crave is  
Time to enjoy its delights and dash ere the final heat is on,  
Rarely dreaming of defeat till, suddenly, the “Go” is given,  
The contest rages, a quarter, another, a third, the last, and—  
Ha, ha, ha, he laughs in his victory, for—*Death has won.*

Didst ever note the excitement of that race? No.  
Nor how few pause to think that, though they flourish,  
Their lives, like leaves of the forest and lilies of the field,  
Fall, and have no firmer hold on life, than the mightiest  
Monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps.

Generations of men appear and disappear with the grass,  
And multitudes that throng the world to-day vanish on the  
Morrow, as written names from the sanded shores of Time.

Gently the sunlit faces fall behind the eternal shadows, the  
Stars of love peep forth only from Memory’s azure blue,  
Affection falls into never-waking sleep, the night is on,  
And though angels were guides, princes and kings companions,  
The gleam and gold of the everlasting hills of Paradise  
Illuminate the “Dark Valley,” none yearn to travel its  
Mysterious vale.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,  
 Weep, and you weep alone;  
 For this brave old Earth must borrow its mirth,  
 It has trouble enough of its own.  
 Be glad, and your friends are many,  
 Be sad, and you lose them all,  
 Not one will decline your nectar and wine,  
 Alone you must drink life's gall.  
 Feast, and your halls are crowded,  
 Fast, and the world goes by.  
 Succeed and give, and it helps you to live,  
 But no man can help you to die.  
 There is room in the halls of pleasure,  
 For a long and lordly train,  
 But, one by one, we must all file on,  
 Through the narrow aisles of pain.

### Royal Vizier.

Linger not long on Reverie's wave,  
 But push and pull against buffeting tides,  
 As they surge and sway, and rise and fall,  
 And life's bark over them struggles and rides,  
 And is moved along relentlessly,  
 Waiting, nor watching the lagging oar,  
 As it drifts us here and drifts us there,  
 Drifts us to the Eternal shore,

### Venerable Sheik.

Ere your soul speaks out in committing tongue,  
 Pause silently in deep thought, for here none take a  
 Backward step or false position, veil a smitten conscience,  
 Or do an act, or deed, or say a word, staining the escutcheon of  
 His honor. Are you now ready to bind yourself to us?

*[Waits for answer.]*

Let your left hand feel the throbbing of your heart, your  
 Right here mark this memory and your tongue repeat.

*[19-20 hold emblem before 9.]*

I *[name]* promise, pledge, swear and declare—

FIRST— Never to permit, consent to or assist in the con-  
 ferring of this, or any part, or portion, of this or

any other degree of this Order, upon any person not an eligible, reputable member, in good standing, of that Order founded by Justus H. Rathbone, and organized by him and others, February 19th. 1864, in Washington, D. C.

NEXT— Never to recognize, or acknowledge, any person as, unless, and until, he prove to, and satisfy me, that he is a Votary of this Order, in perfect and complete possession, regularly and legally received, of the knowledge and instructions, private and exclusive, of this and every other degree of this Order, which I may know or obtain.

AGAIN— Never to print, paint, publish, copy, change, alter, add to, take from, transpose, borrow, loan or expose this or any part or portion, or private thing or matter, now or hereafter in, connected with, related to or used by this or any other Ritual of this Order.

FURTHER— To the utmost of my ability, power and means, always to protect woman in her honor and virtue, and render her and every Votary of this Order, if worthy and in need, all the kindly offices of friendship, charity and benevolence.

FINALLY — To regard, conform to and obey, so long as I possess life, all that I have just promised, pledged, sworn to or declared, or may hereafter promise, pledge, swear to or declare; *provided*, such acts and declarations are not, and do not become, political in cause or effect.

[*All rise, form column in following order: 19-20, 16-17, 14-15, 23-21, and, singly, 9 and 12. March. As column leads to 4, break into open order, 9 passing through to 7. During march,*]

ALL SING.

" Tho' like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ,

Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

[*Exeunt 9. Close 4. Lights up.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*[Form happy, jovial, gentlemanly—not boisterous—card parties around tables in 8. Open 4 wide. Have 9 in 7 within hearing distance. 10 and 9 stroll leisurely in, 10 seating 9 on right of 12. One or more of 21 say,—“Speech from Mahedi.”]*

**Mahedi.**

Gentlemen, your call is, indeed, most flattering, and I Would mine were the faculty to charm your ears with Mellifluous words, painting life's beautiful and varied scenes.

It seems most meet that our inner souls commingle with Our outer selves. The past always holds its place among Living memories; and none should keep those jewels, Love and kindness, forever sealed in alabaster coffers; Think nobly of your friends, fill their lives with sweetness, Speak approving, cheering words while yet they can hear And their hearts can thrill with them; say, while they Are with you, those things that you would kindly utter After death; brighten and perfume their homes by the Flowers you would lay on their graves, and let those flowers Be love and affection. I would rather you would come to Me in my weary and troubled hours, and refresh me in my Declining days, than speak your gentle words o'er my form As it lies wasting in the concealing tomb. Post mortem Kindness cheers no burdened spirit, and roses on the Coffin cast no fragrance on the lonely way.

But a royal glow of delicious pleasure seems to permeate Your happy souls to-night. The slang, the slur, the Coarse, the cruel, of the outer world finds no favor here; And surely, peers, Khorassan's shield will e'er untarnished Be if ever thus refinement's scenes adorn these sacred walls. Thus let it ever be, and all remember that a true Gentleman, like a true woman, is a never waning star in the Social sphere, brightening up the higher realms of Refinement, wit, geniality and amusement.

Here (*pointing to 9*) sits one whom some of us have  
Often met in the outer world, and though I saw him deep in  
Silent meditation stand before the emblem of his  
Final home, and heard the solemn word of promise fall from  
His moving lips, it hath occurred to me that tried he has  
Not been, and who of you can say, that, in the social  
Requisites we demand, he will be found not wanting.

Now, gentlemen, truths and eloquence and sweetest  
Sounds nestle most in simplest words; and briefly, though  
Mine be to the point, blunt but not offending, I do propose  
This man be not permitted here till we his fitness for our  
Association have well tried. What say you, friends?  
Speak out!

[*All show seeming disposition to eject 9. Suddenly 14 will command silence and say—*]

### **Royal Vizier.**

One moment, men! be calm! a word with you!  
There should be no questioning the fairness of the  
Proposition now before you. Yet as Sovereign by your  
Choice, I would, in terms dispassionate, advise the wiser  
Course; pass not this man to the jostling crowd of mixed  
Humanity, but bind him to us by a bond, the severance of  
Which would break the knightly link that holds him to us.

### **Secretary.** (*Producing Form 00.*)

Royal Vizier, this from our archives shows our friend's  
Willingness, his readiness and intention to accept those  
Forms by which he may become our peer. (*Hands form to 14.*)

### **Royal Vizier.**

This should be sufficient proof of his good faith. But  
To our Royal office comes complaint 'gainst waiver of our  
Rules. So let him retire while we his desires grave  
Consideration give.

[*12 and 9 retire to 7.*]

## ACT II.—Scene 2.

*[Place "Cloister" in center of 8, facing station of 13, 13 three feet in front of it, 19 on his right, 20 on his left, 14 in front of 19, 15 front of 20, four of 21 in charge of Cloister. Others form (inward faced), St. Andrew's cross, leaving court for Cloister. 13, 19 and 20 carry lights. Other lights out. Absolute silence. 11 retires to 7.]*

**Menial.** *[To 12 in 7.]*

Mahedi, the Temple, in calm deliberation, decides this Tyrobe, by you, conducted through the impressive ceremonies Of our higher rites.

**Mahedi.** *[————— then addresses ———,]*

All my hopes are centered now in thee ; and doomed am I to scorn and contempt, aye, disgrace, if honor fall not Upon thy future course. Be firm ; waver not ; for he who Falters, fails, and in the trying hour deserts his friend, Walks a ghost of cold deception 'midst a wreck of ruined Confidence. But he who, in such a moment, steadfast Stands, forms a rock 'gainst which foes might wage with Futile force.

*[Enters 8 with 9, halts 3 feet from and facing 13.]*

*[All sing.]*

" Blest be the tie that binds	" We share our mutual woes,
All in fraternal love ;	Our mutual burdens bear ;
The fellowship of kindred minds	And often for each other flows,
Is like to that above.	The sympathizing tear."

**Grand Emir.**

Sir, misery, though it walks with beggary and hides Behind wealth, ends only in the grave. Fools laugh at reason, Ambition at defeat, thrones at sovereigns, and Time and Death at all.

Ah, how true it is, that every life should have its  
Sanctum of secrecy, as well as an open page ; that each  
Has smiles and tears fast in their fleeting, but inevitable,  
In their end—the grave ! We know not whence we come,  
Whither we go, yet ever that grand old iconoclast, Time,  
Sounds down his deep and wondrous colonnade,  
To all mortal man his sonorous admonition :

GNOTHI SEAUTON.

[*Know Thyself.*]

So, too, does he engrave upon the arches he dedicates to  
Fame, the pure and simple lives that have become sublime  
And beautiful by their noble deeds to man. The customs  
Of the ancients soared among the grandest, as they  
Celebrated, in classic verse and heroic song, the valiant  
Deeds of valiant men, and honored them in epics that  
Surpass in elegant diction, graceful purity and exquisite  
Pathos, the polished productions of modern minds, while  
Those whose history formed a part of a glorious era or a  
Golden age, were immortalized beyond the power of decay  
Upon the indestructible walls of imperishable Renown.

Sublime as these tributes are, throughout this  
Vast world, countless cemeteries house every cast and  
Grade of life and station, and

“ Millions in those solitudes,  
Since first the flight of years began,  
Have laid them down forever in  
Their long last sleep.”

E'en now, as this same Time swings the great pendulum,  
That moves round, upon his dial plate, the mighty hands of  
Life, we hear the sobs, [*all sob*] the sighs [*all sigh*] of hearts  
Asunder torn by the reaper, Death, who alone can say :

I AM THE KING AND CONQUEROR OF ALL.

Step you now within our Cloister and there covenant  
With us.

[12 will place 9 in Cloister and ——— which must be previously ——— with ———. 21, reserved, suddenly, but carefully ——— to the ———, move it slowly along each arm of the Cross, and halt in court, with ——— toward 4. 12 assumes position at ——— with 19 and 20 on either side.]

19.

" To die,—to sleep ;—  
To sleep ! perchance to dream :—aye there's the rub ;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."

20.

" Man that is born of woman is of few days,  
And full of trouble ; he cometh forth  
Like a flower and is cut down ; he  
Fleeth like a shadow, and continueth not,"

### Grand Emir.

" When thoughts of the last bitter hour  
Come like a blight o'er thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,"

Remember the sublime exordium—

" So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves to  
The pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of Death, thou  
Go not, like the quarry slave at night, scourged  
To his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed by  
An unfaltering trust, approach thy grave like one  
Who wraps the drapery of his couch about him  
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

[Requires 9 to sit in erect position. 12 ——— 13 proceeds.]

That you may become a Votary of this Order, repeat,  
And, lest it pass from your memory, or fail to appeal to  
Your honor, place your ——— to this. [*Hands to and*  
*requires 9 to ——— and ——— "Slip A." When*  
—————]



[*All sing.*]

"There's a land that is fairer than day,  
 Tho' by faith we may see it afar,  
 For the Father looks over the way,  
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.  
 In the sweet bye and bye,  
 [*Bye and Bye.*]  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

[*Refrain.*]

[*Again———and require——to———All NOISE-  
 LESSLY resume seats except (reserved) 21 who gently (?) move  
 ————around 8 in a circle, stopping so that——  
 will be five feet from——13 thereat. Elevate to perpendicular;  
 13 will then say——*]

You may now retire for calm deliberation over all that  
 You have done and said, and to decide whether you will  
 Enter on a journey that may bring you to the oasis of fair  
 Khorassan's desert.

[*9 retires to 7.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

[*Clear 14's———of furniture, and place instead a——  
 holding———and———filled with some——  
 ——10 invites 9 to enter 8, seats him on right of 13.*]

**Royal Vizier.**

Votaries, my thanks for your united aid in acting out the  
 Part of our play delineating life. How happy it is that here  
 We elevate the moral law, respect the civil code, discuss no  
 Religion, and wrangle not o'er politics. Let's follow  
 Sharp these lines. 'Tis reason, and Reason is our reigning  
 King though Mirth revels in our realm, and, with her  
 Pleasant smile and ready wit, drives dull care away.  
*Friendship* has bound us well together, *caution* guides us

Aright and *bravery* stirs us to noble deeds, and all give  
Out the motto :

“FRIEND, WATCH WITH CONFIDENCE.”

Thus equipped, let us pass the genial word, extend the  
Friendly hand, sing the merry song and do the courteous act.

[*All greet 9, shake his hand, drink his health, sing the “Folly”  
song, move him about 8 lively, and altogether show a happy spirit.*]

SONG.

“For he’s a jolly, good fellow,  
For he’s a jolly, good fellow,  
For he’s a jolly, good fellow,  
Which nobody can deny.”

[*Chorus.*]

**Royal Vizier.** [*Interrupting revelry.*]

Gentlemen, your attention, please. Word has come to  
Me that there is before our portals one who claims to  
Have reached the topmost rung of life’s successful ladder,  
Fallen from its dizzy height, and now, while yet possessing  
All the brilliancy of a lucid brain, though robbed by reverses  
Hard, asks kind consideration from us all, and as we move  
Among the higher walks of social life, broaden out  
Their genial lines, playing ne’er the part of fools, let’s hear  
His story, and then to other scenes.

[NOTE.—*The character of “Foc” is of peculiar conception, difficult delineation and always demanding constant study: and it is hoped that every actor will render it in the most realistic manner securing the finest possible effect. If not assumed by a singer and comedian, it should be given to a fine elocutionist. If no fitting melody of the song designated is known, words and music appropriate to the character and lines should be selected.*]

**Joc.** [*Carelessly entering from side room singing.*]

“In the days when I was hard up, not many years ago,  
I suffered that which only can the sons of misery know.  
Relations, friends, companions, they all turned up their nose,  
And they rated me a vagabond for want of better clothes.

[*Chorus.*]

Hard up, oh, hard up, I never shall forget  
The days when I was hard up—I may be well off yet.

In the days when I was hard up, for want of food and fire,  
I used to tie my shoes up with little bits of wire.  
When hungry, cold, cast on a rock—no cent to get a meal,  
How oft I beat the devil down for tempting me to steal.

[*Chorus.*]

In the days when I was hard up, I found a blissful hope,  
'Tis all a poor man's heritage to keep him from the rope.  
It has become my maxim dear, and 'twill ever be my plan,  
Although I wear a ragged coat, I'll wear it like a man."

[*Chorus.*]

[*All cheer.*]

[*Spoken.*]

All things have some change, they say ;  
Winter, spring, summer and fall,  
But—[*hesitates, all say, "go on," "go on."*]  
the pockets of my pantaloons--  
They know no change at all.

[*All laugh.*]

Well, laugh ! but other men have laughed and frowned  
At me whose frowns were favors in disguise. But,  
Ha ! ha, ha ! he who laughs last, laughs best.

Memory is indeed a precious faculty ; Mine runs to  
People who have laughed in cold contempt at my humble  
Birth ; to other folk who sported at my ill-shaped lines, and to  
Some who stung my pride as they sneered at my coat as  
Coming off the shelf of some old Shylock's store.

Smith twitted me for having neither tendency nor trade,  
Brown, my ignorance of Holy Writ, and Billy Jones, of  
Law. John Doe would tell my fellows that my tongue  
Knew not the easy, graceful flow of fluent speech which oft  
Makes men—men among men. And Roe—Dick Roe,  
Gave me kennel with the dogs of politics, that snap and  
Snarl in the slime and slum of "Tory Hill."

Oft, when dancing down the Bowery of time, have  
I jostled by some men who, like myself, had seen better

And a brighter life. I say it, not in triumphant mood, but  
Without fear of contradiction, before Truth's tribunal,  
Blue blood runs through my veins, my schooling was among  
The classics, and broadcloths clothed my manly form.

No, I never had a trade ; but all the mind and muscle  
Mine to give, hard and honest toil received ; but if  
I neared, or touched, or passed the hundred mark of diligence  
And duty, none blazed the score abroad ; and yet I have  
Laced the shoes of men whose lines I robed in rhetoric,  
Polished with perfect periods and adorned them with sense  
Where drivelling sentiment prevailed.

As I remember : on the crowded thoroughfare of man,  
I divided half my loaf—all I had, and gave a cheery word,—  
Always mine to give—with one who had seen gold nuggets  
Roll into his pan, as up the royal road to wealth he  
Climbed. A former friend—a fashion plate, in soft, brown suit,  
Of texture fine, modern make and perfect fit, passed me by.  
Well; it mattered not, but glad he used to be when I said  
“How-dy” to him on the frosty morning while yet we wore the  
Thin and tattered coat ; and another who shared with me  
My single mite, *chuckled* over his fat account, and yet had  
None of it for me.

Jim—oh, he was dear to me, a little older, but blessings  
On his head ; for though I thought that Fate would ne'er a  
Friend to either be but a foe to both, she smiled on  
Him and frowned on me, for now his silver tongue thrills  
With inspiring tones the vast realms of glowing eloquence.

A night or two ago, I paused before a palace grand,  
And heard, within its gilded walls, sweet lays warbled to  
Rich-toned and delicious music, and o'er my senses crept the  
Thoughts of happier days when I sang the merry song  
With the singer in that palace.

And there was Waddy and Wat. You knew Waddy and  
Wat. They make me laugh. [*Laughs. ALL Laugh*].

Wad, whene'er he'd take the chair to preside over the  
Mystic Moments Club, was the *dryest* chap that e'er supped

Ale with men. Oft would he say : " Go on with the game ; "  
And Wat—he kept our books—and cash, would yell, "Police!"  
And Wad would immediately adjourn the Club, and—  
Get drunk.

Wat was a little nice, you know, and no delicious  
Taste had the tempting bowl for his tongue, for away he'd  
Push it, and, with seeming innocence and accident,  
Would o'er-tip Wad's mug of beer. *That's why Wad sat  
Most with me.* "Quality" was e'er the cry with Wat, but the  
Club thought "more the merrier" was the proper thing,  
And let in all Tory Hill. "Big Mike," who ruled down in  
The ward, and, later, the dear, old Club, was the first  
One "smuggled" in ; then others followed, and exquisite  
Wat—always elegant and true, mourned to an early grave.  
No stone tells where he lies, but I know the spot, oft  
Thither go, and murmur unto heaven :

" Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,  
Fair Science smiled not on him at his birth,  
But Melancholy marked him for her own."

• Last Sabbath I sat within the walls of great  
St. Paul's Church, directly under the grand memorial  
Window which had here and there a chip of cash—blue from  
The stack of Batsey, red from Burns', and white from  
Baldy Bates'—those fellows who had passed us all in the  
Race for wealth—and heard the soft, sweet waves of  
Eloquence rising, rippling on and rolling away over that vast  
Sea of spell-bound listeners.

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE"

Fell from the preacher's lips. Then softly came the  
Gentle touch :

" There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there.  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
But has one vacant chair."

Oh! God; oh, Master! was I dreaming? Am I now?  
I saw, within that man of righteousness, my old  
Companion, Wad.

Hold me, hold me, my head reels with recollections  
Of our former and my better life. Lead me—I crave ———

[*Faints, falls, surrounded by 21.*]

### Royal Vizier.

Votaries, as well you know and have oft marked, life's  
Drama is replete with such sad'ning scenes. We  
Should assist this man. So take him to our chamber and  
Clothe him in his former elegance, while we shall see if  
Another in our midst, if in these rags, hath so kind a  
Heart as he. Now let's away to other scenes.

[*Some of 21 lead out 22.*]

Mahedi, take you away this Tyro, and let him decide in  
Secluded quiet, whether he would journey with us.

[*12 enters with 9 to 7. Clear floor of 8. When ready, 12  
hands Form 000 to and directs 9 to enter 8, proceed to and read  
Form before 14.*]

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

### Tyro.

Stately sir, I know not the plot nor purpose of the play;  
But in all mine eyes have seen and mine ears have heard,  
I recognize apparent truths which waken grander admiration  
And stronger longing for this most excellent Order; and  
Therefore, if it please thee, and these honorable gentlemen,  
I ask tenancy within their inviting Temple.

### Royal Vizier.

Be seated, friend, for your request demands consideration.

[*12 seats 9 at some convenient point between 15 and 16.  
18. accompanied by 23, enters 8, from side room and addresses 14.*]

**Mokanna.**

Sire! Sire! Sire! out on yonder bleak and lonely desert,  
I saw the frail and wasting remnant of a once noble man.  
Three friends did calm his fevered brow, and I, whom some  
Have said lead murderous band o'er arid wastes, moistened  
His parched lips with waters fresh from Zem Zem's  
Cool and murmuring well.

I looked into his delirious eyes, and as they peaceful  
Grew, recognized the wandering nomad who had poured his  
Plaintive tale into these listening ears. Now, Sire,  
I stand here, in all the majesty and might of my God-given  
Strength, to protect and defend our good cause and its  
Chivalrous knights. Yet oft have designing men tempted  
Me to leave thy faithful fold and lay all mine honor on the  
Altar of their false belief. Ha, ha, ha, ye gods! ye gods!  
It makes my blood boil with intense desire to drive them  
Off earth's broad surface; for well I know the thinness  
Of the gauze that hides their unholy intent. No, Sire,  
Not for all the wealth of mines or monarchs, would I fly  
The humble place assigned me here, and take upon me  
Such degrading slavery of soul and honor.

Sire, I never believe mine eyes. Many a rounded arm  
Extends a mailed hand that deals a killing blow, and no man  
Do I trust, till he prove, by trial hard, his warm professions,  
His good graces, and his daring deeds sacrifice no  
Honor of mine own, that none of his soft words  
Are pleasing platitudes rippling o'er a sea of sweet sayings.  
And yet, I do not bar a deep appeal, if e'er a willing arm  
Is bared to lancet sharp my life to save by its crimson flow.

As I entered this oasis, I recognized, quick as  
The flash that often plays in awful madness round my  
Mountain home, one who has ne'er shown us one devoted  
Act of soulful honor. Though rugged his life and brown  
His skin, no Arab plays a hidden hand with those  
Who his courageous life would lead; they must brave

And meet all dangers of the plains if the journey  
O'er them they would undertake.

Now, Sire, where simoons sweep o'er Dahna's great  
And sandy desert, winds a path my faithful band is most  
Familiar with—one which pilgrims tread in search of rest  
And recreation. Journeying over its arid wastes,  
Many have hungered, thirsted, naked gone and by the  
Wayside fallen; their flesh food for carrion birds, their  
Bones atoms 'mongst the flying clouds of hot and blinding sand.

Entering upon that journey every Arab folds his hands  
Across his breast, a sign of readiness and willing heart to  
Bear all its trials and privations. And by all the gods,  
Allah and the Prophet, I'd have this man bear all the  
Burdens of that eventful march, prove his honor and  
Fidelity, and by heavens, he shall, he must!  
What say you, friends? Speak out! speak out!

[23 shout "—————" "—————" and carefully,  
securely ————— and all  
articles liable to retard easy movement, and attempt to —————  
—————by 21 of —————  
—————interrupted by 14.]

### Royal Vizier.

Salaam! Salaam! Salaam!  
Why all this reign of riot, this sudden storm!  
Have Earth's bowels burst forth, rills becoming raging  
Torrents and mountains toppled from their heights?  
Of what tribe be these brigands? Why come they here?  
By the Koran, I swear, Right *shall* prevail!  
[—————]

### Mokanna.

Sire, here is my scroll that I am of thy noble band.  
(*Reads scroll.*) And these, my faithful friends, are guards  
Upon the road that leads to Khorassan's delightful oases.



And if under their sheltering folds he would rest, it is I,  
Who at your command, will guide this pilgrim—  
For no longer Tyro must he be.

**Royal Vizier.**

So let it be. *Arabs, form you the caravan.*  
Your baskets *fill with wheaten loaves from ovens hot.*  
*Measure to its brim each bag with water fresh from the*  
*Coolest rill. Rein up the royal beast, and lest the willing*  
*Brute grow ill or tired, see that his trappings rest with easy fit*  
*Upon his vigorous limbs. Bathe well the traveler's feet ;*  
*And, that no fall may come to him, and none of his good*  
*Sinews weaken on the journey, bind strong wrappings round*  
*His limbs. (To Mokanna.)* Now let your band  
*Lead forth the noble brute, upon whose carriage*  
*Place the Tyro in position safe.*

[ *This scene is sufficiently descriptive. See that the secret proper-*  
*ties are all in perfect working order before using. All being ready, 22*  
*will say :* ]

**Joc.**

Royal Vizier, might not I here a word now express  
Ere this Tyro enters upon his momentous journey ?

I now am clothed as become my better life,  
No longer wandering, forsaken and alone, 'midst  
Penury and strife. Fires of fervent youth and vigorous  
Manhood burn again with surpassing warmth, for indeed  
Am I a Knight of Khorassan, and would have this Tyro  
Wear this ragged suit that we may see if they round out  
Another life. [--- must positively --- the  
---, minus --- and ---,  
and then be ---].

**Mokanna.**

Blow ye the trumpets, Arabs, and let their sound roll  
Far out on the plain, Move on, move on, and with  
One mighty voice send forth the yell to opposing hordes.

[All give the "Tiger," with a mighty voice.]

**"KHO! - KHO!!**

**KHORASS!!! - KHORASS!!!!**

**KHORASS!!!!!! - AN!!!!!!!"**

[Enter upon the Khorassan ——— over the ——— and when deemed sufficient, halt at and in front of 14. Maintain silence a moment. 14 will say:]

### **Royal Vizier.**

Sir, before you descend to our level, lend me your ear, Our Order stands upon the higher plane of social nature, Affects no antagonism to kindred organizations, nor demeans Itself by the baser inclinations of degenerate man. It Applauds, and endeavors to cast with credit to its Own chivalry, a brighter lustre upon that Knighthood, From which it seeks its Votaries, and has chosen Faithfully to support.

Look you around this Temple. Not one see you who is Not proud of that glorious Knighthood ; a Knighthood Which has made it possible to emulate such love and Friendship ; for men to be more cautious in life's affairs, Braver in defending right, correcting error, crushing wrong ; Protecting woman, her virtue, the sanctity of home and Hearthstone ; bearing valorous arms in righteous cause ; Shielding ever and sheltering always the widow, the orphan And the fatherless from the world's cold dependencies— A Knighthood whose trend is tireless and to Eternity : And whose pæan first rose o'er the oasis of Syracuse, in Sicily's plain, on grand Italia's desert, Rang out, and rings on, over the wide world for all time, In Damon's silver voice—

"Pythias, I know though upholdest no tyranny,  
And I swear, by all the gods that ever  
Wielded wand o'er Honor's field,  
I hate it with that intensity and force  
My love and friendship live and burn for thee."

To both be true and loyal. Leave no ignominious stain  
Upon either's fair escutcheon, so that when your work  
On life's broad field is done, the lamps are out,  
Clods hide your casket, and green be the sward upon your  
Grave, be your monument a memory or a mausoleum,  
Posterity shall read above its speechless portal—

"A bright, brave memory, his a stainless shield,  
No shame defaces, and no envy mars,  
The record of an honored life revealed.  
His name, a star among eternal stars."

You may now retire with our Mahedi for conduct to our  
Temple's *privileges* and *pleasures*.

#### END OF DRAMATIC CEREMONY.

[9 *having retired to 7 and* —————  
*will be conducted back to 8 and presented by 12 to 14, who will say—*]

My friend, it is now my pleasure to impart to you the fol-  
lowing, which you will please remember :

#### INSTRUCTIONS.

##### TO ENTER YOUR OWN TEMPLE.

Quietly command the attention of the SAHIB at, and who  
is in charge of, the outer entrance. Having secured that at-  
tention, *whisper* in his ear the TEMPLE SESAME, a word or  
sentence adopted by the R. V. at each *regular* session for use  
by votaries at the next or succeeding meeting.

Having received this, the Sahib will open, and pass you  
to, the inner or main entrance, upon which you will give ———  
raps, followed by ——— raps, in answer to which the MENIAL  
will open the wicket of the entrance and receive from you the  
IMPERIAL PASS-WORD, always permanent, which is ———  
———, meaning ———.

If you are enrolled as a Votary, and are in good standing,  
the Menial will admit you. Being admitted, proceed to the

center of the Temple, face and give to the ROYAL VIZIER the  
 \_\_\_\_\_ and be seated. The \_\_\_\_\_ is  
 made thus \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

#### TO RETIRE.

Obtain from R. V. the future Sesame, and retire as upon entering.

#### TO ENTER A TEMPLE NOT YOUR OWN.

Proceed as upon entering your own Temple, *except* use at the outer entrance the SHIBBOLETH of the Order. This is promulgated on the 22d day of each July, the current one being \_\_\_\_\_. Hand your MEMBERSHIP CARD to, and request the Sahib to transmit it to the Secretary for examination. If it is of the prescribed form, and your Temple is duly recognized, you will be permitted to proceed as instructed to enter your own Temple.

At no time will you be permitted within a Temple, not your own, until you have entered it as just directed.

#### TO RETIRE.

Obtain your Card from the Secretary, proceed to the center of the Temple, salute the Royal Vizier with the \_\_\_\_\_ and retire. The \_\_\_\_\_ is made thus \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

#### RECOGNITION.

The *proper* and *only* test to be used by Votaries for recognizing and greeting each other, and for testing those claiming to be Votaries of the Order, is the following DIA-

LOGUE, the Votary testing or recognizing the second person beginning the dialogue thus—

FIRST PERSON. \_\_\_\_\_ ?

SECOND PERSON. \_\_\_\_\_.

FIRST PERSON. \_\_\_\_\_ ?

SECOND PERSON. \_\_\_\_\_.

FIRST PERSON. \_\_\_\_\_.

Take the *first* word of each sentence and the *test* will be found, but under no circumstances must the *completed sentence*, forming the test, be spoken outside of the Temple. The sentence is \_\_\_\_\_.

#### HONORS.

To the Imperial Officers, or their deputies, when officially visiting a Temple, must be given the IMPERIAL HONORS, which are made thus. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

#### ELECTION—VOTING—BALLOTING.

The election for officers must be by written ballot ; voting in the Temple by "Yea" and "Nay," and balloting upon all Applications by secret ball ballot.

#### GOOD STANDING.

When his dues are paid to the first day of each January and July, a Votary shall be in good standing, and *entitled to the Sesame and the Shibboleth*.

You will now enroll your name upon our Roster and be seated as a Votary of the Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan. [See Slip "A."]

#### END OF INSTRUCTIONS

## INSTALLATION SERVICE.

Time of installation having arrived, Installing Officer will assume charge of the Temple, direct officers and votaries to appear facing him in position assumed by them in the opening ceremonies, officers-elect being in rear of officers retiring. He will then say :

*" Officers and Votaries of ——— Temple, No. —, KNIGHTS OF KHORASSAN.*

GENTLEMEN—By the authority vested in my commission as (say "acting," if so officiating) Imperial Nawab, I am here to install into office the officers-elect of this Temple, if the laws touching their service have been complied with.

The courtesies of our Order and my office, afford me pleasure, in relieving the present officers of official service, to tender each one sincere thanks for an honorable and excellent execution of his trust and duties, and to express the hope that the prosperity of our Order and of this Temple, the welfare and work of each, will continue to receive earnest and constant attention and assistance from each and every votary and officer. The officers will now be relieved of further service and will assume honorable place among the votaries of this Temple. Votaries and retiring officers will proceed to seats, and officers-elect remain in position."

The Installing Officer will address the officers-elect as follows :

[ " A " ]

"GENTLEMEN—I am about to officially and authoritatively entrust you with the condition and destinies of this Temple and the work, and its performance, of this Order.

Your election evidences the fact that confidence has been placed in your integrity and uprightness of character, and your ability to perform the duties assigned to you. I am sure you will all join me in the hope that no error of judgment has been made and that time will develop a most satisfactory realization of this hope.

Let me impress upon you some important facts.

Ours is an organization whose highest aim is to strengthen, elevate and portray in its own independent and dramatic way, chivalric Knighthood, the pre-requisite of votaryship in our Order, and to furnish, for its own votaries, 'another link in the golden chain that binds them in a glorious trinity,' by presenting those lighter waves of entertainment which carry us smoothly and delightfully over the surface of life's ocean.

Let me ask each and all of you, to carry out these aims to their fullest extent that their sheen may shine ever on your lives.

You will now place your left hands over your hearts, join right hands and repeat the following :

*' We separately and collectively pledge our sacred honor, and thereupon promise, as officers and votaries of this Temple, that we will, to the best of our abilities and understanding, protect, and defend against all unlawful, improper and unauthorized use, publication and exposition of, the rites, ceremonies, rituals and everything private and exclusive, pertaining to or connected with the Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan.*

*And we further pledge and promise, as before, to obey, conform to, respect and require obedience, conformity to and respect for the orders, edicts, commands, rules, regulations, legislation and enactments of the Imperial Palace ; the orders, edicts and commands of the Imperial Prince, the laws, rules, regulations*

*and requirements of this Temple ; to protect, and defend against any infringement upon, the copyrights covering the ritual of this Order, the secret properties which accompany the same, and the Charter of this Temple, and, finally, to carry out in all honorable ways, the aims, principles and purposes of the Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan."*

(All sing.)

"Blest be the tie that binds	We share our mutual woes,
All in fraternal love ;	Our mutual burdens bear ;
The fellowship of kindred minds	And often for each other flows
Is like to that above.	The sympathizing tear."

The Installing Officer and Royal Vizier will step forward and join right hands. While in this position the former will address the latter as follows :

"SIR—By the authority of the Imperial Palace, Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan, I declare those to whom I have just administered the official obligation of office, the officers of this Temple, and entitled to hold their respective positions, according to the laws of the Order, during the term for which they have been elected.

To your care and keeping, to be in your charge during the term of office for which you have been elected, I place the rituals, charter and other property of this Temple. May they receive and always have your constant care and attention, and you the highest esteem of your colleagues in office and the votaries of your Temple."

The two officers will lock arms and proceed to the chair of the Royal Vizier, to whom the Installing Officer will say : " Be seated."

He will then face the votaries and say : " Now, Arabs, the Tiger !"

(All give the D. O. K. K. "Tiger.")

The Officer will direct officers to assume their respective stations, which done, he will instruct in the unwritten work, after which the business of the Temple will be proceeded with by the Royal Vizier.

## INSTITUTION SERVICE.

The laws governing this Service having been complied with, and one or more candidates reserved for exemplification, the Instituting Officer will require remaining applicants for Authority to appear before him in position prescribed for Officers and Votaries in Opening Ceremonies, direct each to place his left hand over his left breast, right arm extended above head, thumb, folded in palm of hand, covered by last three fingers, index or forefinger pointing upward ; in which position all will repeat the primary obligation of the Order. [Page 10 of the ritual.]

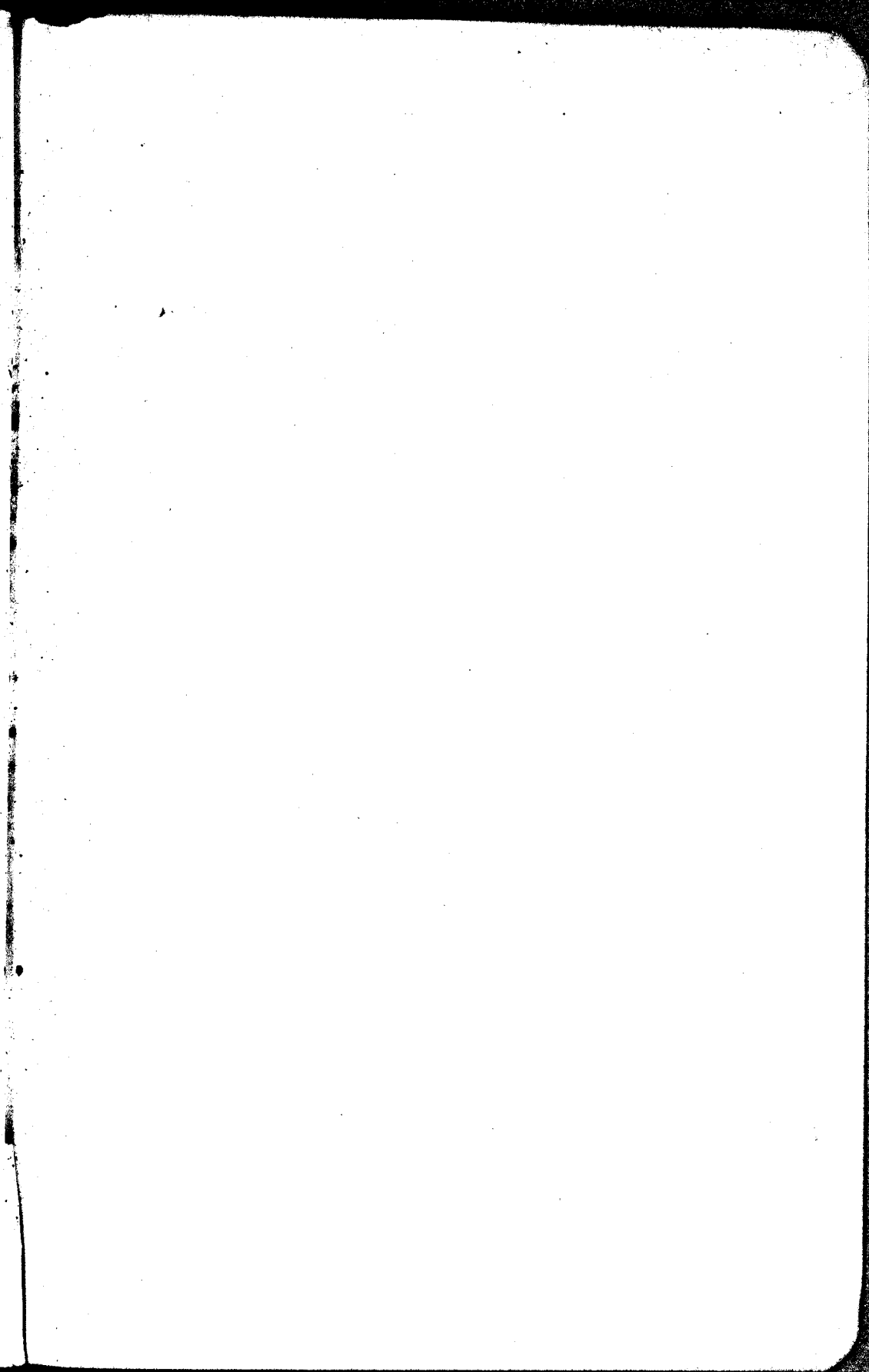
Votaries will proceed to seats, and the Officer continue his duties, taking up the Installation Service at paragraph marked "A," concluding with the following :

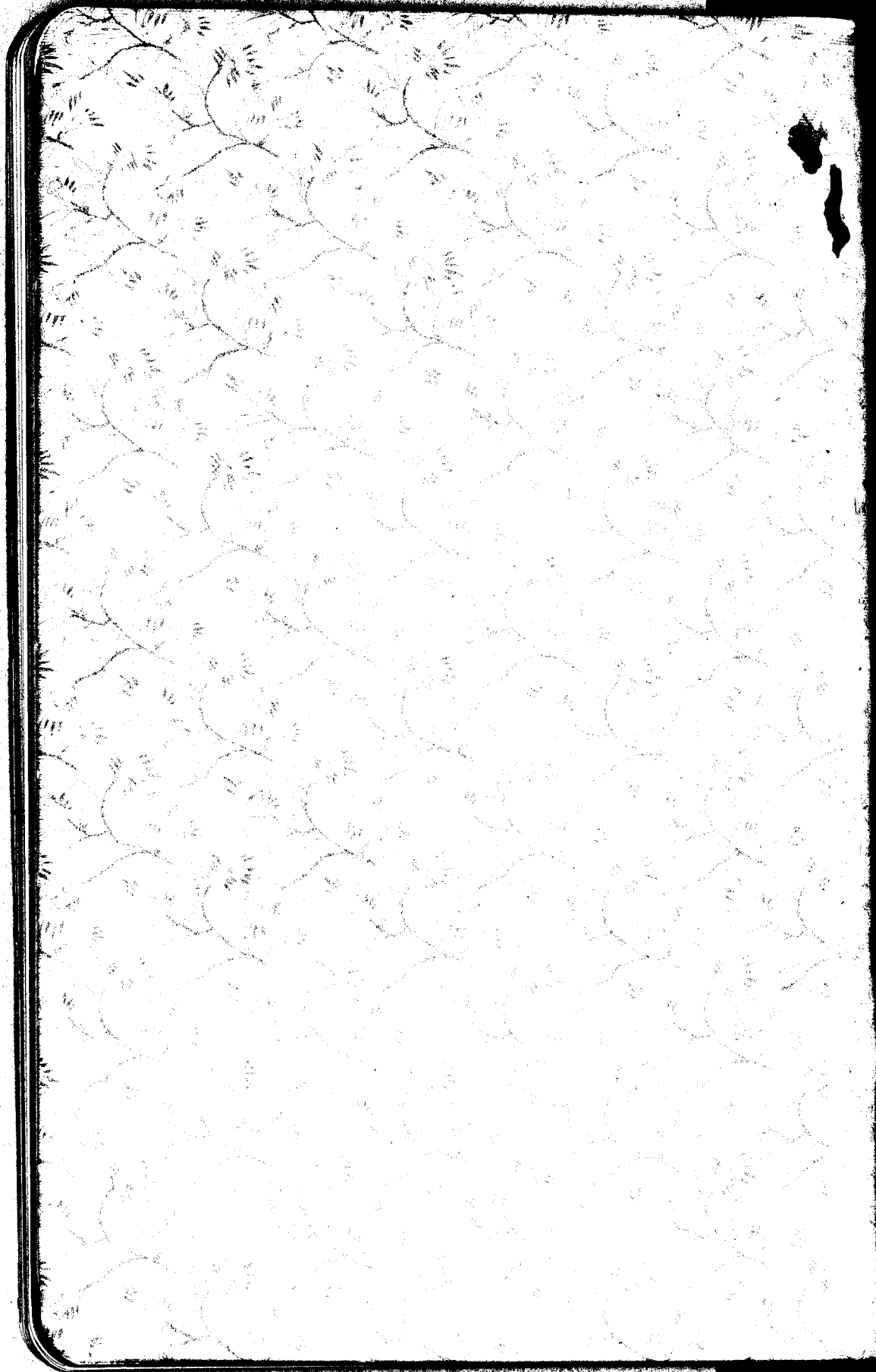
"By authority of the AUTHOR AND SUPREME PRINCE of the DRAMATIC ORDER Knights of Khorassan, I declare \_\_\_\_\_ Temple No. \_\_\_\_\_, to be formally and legally established as a dependent Temple under the jurisdiction and government of the Imperial Palace, Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan, with exclusive location on the Oasis of \_\_\_\_\_, Plain of \_\_\_\_\_, Desert of \_\_\_\_\_.

### OBLIGATORY LAWS.

1. No ritual, rite or ceremony shall be recognized, permitted, used or designated in or by this Order except that provided for and specified in the ritual copyrighted by the Author and Supreme Prince of the Order.
2. No Temple shall be recognized or established as a Temple of this Order unless established under and legally possessing the Charter copyrighted by the Author and Supreme Prince.
3. No person shall be initiated or hold Votaryship in this Order who is not qualified as required by the ritual of the Order, or who is OWNER, AGENT, LESSEE, KEEPER, EMPLOYEE OR HABITUE OF ANY SALOON WHERE WINE, BEER, OR ANY VINOUS OR INTOXICATING LIQUORS ARE SOLD OR GIVEN AWAY.
4. No person shall be admitted to votaryship in, or be recognized or acknowledged as a votary who does not have a legal knowledge of the ceremonies, and a possession of the information and secret work embraced, specified and described in the ritual of this Order.
5. No political or religious creed, principle, theory or doctrine shall be demanded of any person applying for or holding votaryship in the Order.
6. No Temple, or vôtary shall, as such, aid or assist in the formation, existence, continuity or destruction of any religious, church or political party.
7. Neither the Imperial Palace, at any of its councils, nor any Temple at its meetings, shall permit any recognition, discussion or maintenance of any political or religious creed, principle, theory or doctrine.
8. The votaryship fee shall, in no instance, be less than Five Dollars for each person, which must be paid before ballot is permitted upon his Application.







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